A Phone Wank with Daddy

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A Phone Wank with Daddy

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will wears a butt plug and Hannibal, having time to kill at his office, decides to tamper with the settings,leading to Will being embarrassed in the office and fleeing to the toilet where some short phone sex ensues.

Notes

This is based on the prompt "Distracted" in my Hannigram Drabbles and Ficlets work. Figured I had more to say than 40 characters, lol.

"Are you okay, Will?" Jack asks as Will presses himself against the yellowish wall of the meeting room, tensing his whole body. "Yeah, just go on ", Will replies with a forced smile. Luckily, the chattering of Brian, Jimmy, and Beverly drowns the vibration of the butt plug in his ass.

Hannibal, meanwhile waiting for a patient in his office in Baltimore, smirks as he thinks of Will. An idea takes shape in his brain. He pushes the button on the black remote, increasing the intensity of the vibration. It's a shame he can't witness the flushed cheeks, the squirming, the embarrassed coughs, and stuttering while trying to focus on his work, explaining something to Jack and the team. Or his students in his lecture hall wondering why Will is talking louder than usual, stuttering incomplete, incoherent sentences and ending the class earlier.

Back in Quantico, in the meeting room, another sudden wave of bliss jolts through Will's body as the vibration increases. Will flinches a little. His cheeks burn and he feels so exposed. Damn Hannibal. From the odd looks they shoot at him, there is is the possibility they know exactly what is going on. Especially Jimmy whose lips curls up a little in amusement at Will's hitched breaths. Fuck. Will's pants grow tighter around his crotch as his prostate is stimulated without mercy."Umm...as I was saying... there is a connection...", Will stutters.

"Yes, Will?" Jack asks, crossing his arms on his chest, his eyes narrowed and he scrutinizes his posture from up close. Brian whispers something into Jimmy's ear. Jimmy nods. "What did you want to say about the connections?" But Will cannot hold its any longer, his cock is aching hard in his boxers. He feels the wetness of his precum leaving a damp spot in his boxers already. To avoid further embarrassment he decides on fleeing. "I..I need to go to the toilet", Will utters, hiding the evident swell in the front of his trousers.

He brushes past Jack and his colleagues with quick steps, his breathing shallow and flat. Jack merely hurls an annoyed look at him. throws his arms into the air and shakes his head. Will grabs his phone from his pocket, a little angry at Hannibal. He has promised not to use the remote control like that when he is supposed to be working and making progress with the case of the abducted children. Will doesn't care if Hannibal is available or not but he deduces he has to be or he wouldn't have time to mess with the settings of his plug.

Heading into the hallway at a fast pace on the way to a toilet where he has a little more privacy unlike the one with the rows of urinals, he unlocks his phone, opens the FaceTime app and dials Hannibal's number while he dodges the young trainees gazing directly at his crotch. He pushes open the door to the men's room and waits for Hannibal to pick up the call while he settles down in the cramped and narrow toilet booth and locks the door from inside. The phone rings two times before Hannibal picks it up and smiles into the camera. "Hello, Will", Hannibal greets him in his nonchalant manner of speaking.

The vibration of his plug is at maximum now. Will moans out loud before biting on his lip to stop people from investigating the source and discover him wanking. He mustn't be loud or draw attention to him. The voices of other agents talking in front of the sinks with the water

running can be heard in the toilet booth. He puts the phone down on the flush of the toilet while he pulls down his beige trousers and his boxers.

"I don't have much time, Will", Hannibal 's amused voice resounds through the speakers." My next patient is coming soon", he warns him. Will quickly pulls the bluetooth in-ear plugs out of his pocket and puts them into his ear. He quickly connects the phone to the airpods.

"I don't care, doctor", Will mumbles, grabbing the phone with one hand while stroking his hard and leaking cock with the other hand. "You have brought me into an awkward position. This is not what we have talked about", Will breathed while he caresses the head of his cock.

Hannibal lets out a soft chuckle, his eyes fixed on Will's opened mouth and hazy eyes. A hungry glow lies in them."Yes, we did", Hannibal counters. "You agreed to let me help you relax in stressful moments." A scornful snort escapes Will. "How do you know I was in one?" Will pants.

"Your whole job consists of situations that make you very upset and uncomfortable", Hannibal counters. Will lets out a bitter laugh. "Fair enough."His hand abandons his cock, grabs the grip of the platinum butt plug beset with diamond stones -and slams it into his slick, puckered hole again. Hannibal purrs.

"My wonderful dirty boy", Hannibal breathes heavily, his voice dropping like honey through Will's earphones. Will can't repress another high pitched moan while penetrating himself with his plug. "Let me see you come undone", Hannibal groans, licking his lips. "With Daddy's toy."

"You haven't deserved it", Will teases back with raised eyebrows. "Didn't I?" Hannibal growls, now touching himself. "I bought it for you." "You didn't have to", Will hisses. Hannibal hums. "That's true. But I can take it away from you again tonight. All of your toys ", he answers, his voice menacing.

"No", Will says, pouting his lips. "Then behave", Hannibal purrs back. "Or Daddy won't be pleased tonight. " Will lowers the camera of his phone to his splendid, engorged cock, leaking precum. Hannibal moans and leans back in his chair, showing him his uncircumcised, swollen dick, while straddling his legs, putting one leg on his wooden office table.

Will rocks his hips back and forth in his unbridled lust as the tip of the plug fucks him. "Say it", Hannibal demands who seems to pump himself with quick strokes. "Right now?" Will asks with a frown. "There are people here, Hannibal", he moans.

"They'll already know what a dirty, kinky cockslut you are", Hannibal comments on that in a dark, hoarse voice. "Especially your colleagues", he hums. "I wonder what you showed them today. " Will listens intently for a moment and stops.The room is silent again and he figures he can risk being loud.He whines at the sultriness at his pronunciation of the word cockslut.

It turns him on every time he and Hannibal have sex. Will likes being treated like a whore. Being called cumdump, cockslut, all the dirty words. He likes being used just for sex. All of his holes being filled simultaneously. Yes, he was Hannibal's slut. His only one. He closes his

eyes when he imagines having Hannibal's cock in his mouth which brings him to the edge right now. The orgasm is building up inside of him.

"I'm your cumdump, Daddy", Will moans out loud."I miss your cock and your cum."His muscles contract and euphoria seizes every part of his body. It rolls through him like an avalanche down the mountain. Will groans and grunts, his eyes widen and he finally spills spurts of cum into the toilet bowl.

"Oh yes, you are", Hannibal grunts. He is close, too. "My fucktoy. I can't wait to have you home tonight to use you as I wish" The last words are a guttural growl. He spills onto the napkin he holds beneath his cock to avoid staining his leather armchair.The next minute is filled with panting and breathing.

Will and Hannibal stare at each other through the camera of their phones. Will grants him a genuine, jaunty smile. The tension of the day wreaked by the desperation they are currently in because of the lost boys has been washed away like the imprints of feet on the shore. "Feeling better, Will?" Hannibal purrs.

"Much better", Will replies. "Thank you...Daddy", he adds, his cheeks blushing again. Hannibal chuckles. "You're welcome." "Though it is nothing compared to what awaits you tonight at home", he insinuates with a little wink. "You're going to be used all night. The way I want. "I can't wait to come back home", Will whispers, arousal creeping back into his flacid cock.

"Will, are you in there?" Will winces. It's Jimmy. "Jack told me to check if you drowned in the toilet", he continues in a raised voice, his humor dry as always. Will wipes himself clean and gets dressed as fast as he can. "See you tonight", he mutters into the microphone. "Yes. Goodbye Will",Hannibal replies, sounding amused at the intrusion. He ends the call and Will secured his phone in his pocket.

Will walks out of the booth to the basin, greeting his colleague with a shy, embarrassed smile. Jimmy watches him with amusement as Will then avoids his gaze and quickly washes his hands. "Did you enjoy your wank with your daddy?" Jimmy asks airily, winking at him. Will bites his lips. "Don't worry. Your secret's safe with me", he adds, beaming as they walk back to the meeting room."I am very happy for you.And because I've won my bet."Will laughs. It sounds sincere and genuine. Thanks to Hannibal he's in the best mood. Not even Jack's yelling or grumpy comments would darken it.

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